

"WATERMILYUNS" ARE RIPE—M-M-M-M-M-M-M!!!



Watermelons are ripe! The whole regiment of American Boydom is shouting the magic phrase into the ears of Dame Nature. It's the barefoot brigades' national salute to the good old summer time; the side partner of the sign of the swimming pool and the straw hat days.

Where's the boy, whatever his years, who doesn't trace his first real joy of living back to the day

when he buried his round, unlined face in the heart of a great, juicy watermelon?

Where's the man, however gray his hair, who wouldn't give the contents of his pocketbook to experience again the feeling of absolute contentment which filled his small juice-smeared being after he had had his fill.

Who so great that he wouldn't willingly forego his cuff and col-